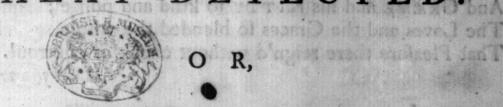
CHEAT DETECTED:



A HINT TO POETS.

So as Hay meals by Mewer was filly riseponted with

To the Tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

I'LL tell you a Story, pray Gentles draw near:

Of GREME and his Balls for the future beware,
He has play'd you a Trick that you little suspected,
But Rog'ry like Murder is always detected.

Derry down down, &c.

On the Eighteenth what Zeal in your Faces was feen, When summon'd by him to drink Health to the QUEEN? You thought what he did was with upright Design, And all that you drank was the Juice of the Vine.

Derry down, &c.

HALYROOD was illumin'd, enliven'd each Guest:
How brilliant the BALL! how superb was the FEAST!
How splendid the Call'ry when all went to sup!
Ah! who could have dreaded a Snake in the Cup.

DETT GEWEN, O'C.

Derry down, &c.

In the British Museum copy this poem is a scribed by Mr George Chalmers to mil Current

THE Beaux were so witty, the Belles look'd so bright,
And GREME and his KITTY so kind and polite;
The Loves and the Graces so blended the whole,
That Pleasure there reign'd without check or controul.

Derry down, &c.

Who the duce could have dreamt, that, from Lethe imported, Some Hogsheads by Hermes were slily transported; The Rogue of a GREME brib'd the Rogue of a God, To convert all the Wine with a Touch of his Rod.

Derry down, &c.

WHEN whisp'ring, and ogling, and toasting, and laughing, Little thought the poor Guests what a Dose they were quassing: But alas! the Effects may the dullest convince, OBLIVION and SILENCE have reign'd ever since.

Derry down, &c.

Prose Writers were render'd unfit to tell Facts, Even Truth was filenc'd by repeated attacks; Each Poet and Poetess had a deep Dose;

There, was GRATITUDE lull'd to a thorough repose.

Derry down, &c.

How long, cry'd the GREME, will the Charm have Effect, Pray Heav'n! that no Spy may the Rog'ry detect; Friend HERMES, I've lost all the aim of My Plot, If Me and my Ball are not henceforth forgor.

Derry down, &c.

FOR a Fortnight 'twill last, on the Word of a God,
Or I'll forfeit, says HERMES, my Cap and my Rod;
A Wonder, you know, can but hold out nine Days,
And I'll give you five more to secure you from PRAISE.

Derry down, &c.

AWAKE, and revenge it, ye Dealers in Rhime, Tho' late, let him rue such an unheard of Crime, Let Poems on Poems be heap'd up like BABEL, And Poets like Harpies encircle his Table.

Derry down, &c.

May the Wife of his Bosom in Rhime still address him, And his Daughter, beloved, with Verses oppress him; May the Muses and Phoebus unite to perplex him, And grant me a patent Poetick to vex him.

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Derry down, &c.